THE PACIFIC

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Pac Theo Sem
Reading Room

SHARED.

I said it in the meadow path,
  I say it on the mountain stairs:
The best things any mortal hath
  Are those which every mortal shares.

The air we breathe—the sky—the breeze—
  The light withouht us and within—
Life with its unlocked treasuries—
  God's riches, are for all to win.

The grass is softer to my tread
  For rest it yields unnumbered feet;
Sweeter to me the wild-rose red
  Because she makes the whole world sweet.

Into your heavenly loneliness
  Ye welcomed me, O solemn peaks!
And me in every guest you bless
  Who reverently your mystery seeks.

And up, the radiant peopled way
  That opens into worlds unknown
It will be life's delight to say,
  "Heaven is not heaven for me alone."

Rich through my brethren's poverty !
  Such wealth were hideous! I am blest
Only in what they share with me,
  In what I share with all the rest.

—Lucy Larcom.

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THE PACIFIC COAST IN BRIEF.

The Rev. Dr. H. M. Tenney has gone East to attend the annual meeting of the American Board.

Such was the satisfaction had in the Bible class lectures by Prof. Bade of Pacific Seminary in the First Congregational Church of Oakland last year that he has been asked to give another series. He began last Sunday. The hour is 12:30 each Sunday.

The subscription price of the Pacific Unitarian has been raised from one dollar to one dollar and a half. It is a monthly publication. But it has been found impossible to maintain even a monthly at that price. The Pacific Presbyterian which was a dollar and a half until recently is now two dollars, and to those who do not pay in advance it is two dollars and a half.

The Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul Railroad announces that it will, on the completion of its line to Seattle and Tacoma, run Pullman cars through to New York. The train from the coast to Chicago will be known as the "White Flyer," all cars being painted white. It will consist only of Pullman cars. At Chicago some of the cars will be transferred to the Pennsylvania line for the New York connection.

The pulpit of the First Congregational Church of Berkeley was occupied last Sunday by the Rev. Dr. E. E. Baker, until recently pastor of the First Presbyterian Church of Oakland, and arrangements have been made with him to supply regularly until the coming of the Rev. Harry R. Miles from Brattleboro, Vermont, about the first of December. Some who heard Dr. Baker last Sunday were moved to remark that it was to be regretted that he had decided to give up the regular work of the ministry. His sermons were able and interesting.

For the week ending October 1st, San Francisco stood seventh on the list of the large cities in amount of bank clearings, the sum being $35,788,000. For Seattle the figures were $8,217,000; for Los Angeles $8,072,000; for Portland $6,679,000; for Tacoma $5,148,000; for Oakland $1,386,000. San Francisco and Oakland being commercially one city, these clearances should be combined to show how San Francisco leads. But taking them as given, it will be seen that the San Francisco clearances exceed by a million and a half the combined clearances of Seattle, Tacoma, Spokane, Portland and Los Angeles. It has been this way for many years; and it will go on this way for a long time yet. These newer and great cities are growing and will continue to grow. Likewise San Francisco grows and will continue to grow. There will always be a great and prosperous city on San Francisco bay. If there should ever come a time when the bay city would be found decadent, there will likely be decadence all along the coast from the Mexican line to that of British Columbia.

Last Sunday the First Congregational Church of San Francisco began the issuance again of a weekly calendar, none having been issued theretofore since April the 15th. 1906. Among other things on the calendar we notice this: "The first church rebuilt after the fire. The only church in easy walking distance of the down-town hotels." In a note to the church Dr. Adams reviews the good work of recent months and says: "We are in excellent order for an advance; we need the help of every one; our forty members within a mile of the church must be increased to four hundred. Help us to do it and to do it now." In a few words at the meeting of the ministers of San Francisco and vicinity last Monday Dr. Adams stated it as his belief that the church had a bright and promising future. With one exception the business men connected with the church had favored, he said, the rebuilding on the old site, and that one had favored a change of location for the last twenty years. Dr. Clampett of the Episcopal Church was quoted as having said recently that the First Congregational Church had the finest location for Christian work in San Francisco; and the Rev. R. A. MacFadden of Danvers, Massachusetts, who supplied the pulpit several weeks this summer, as saying that the church had one of the finest opportunities for Christian service to be found anywhere in the United States.

Wireless telegraphy among the small and scattered islands of the Pacific Ocean is one of the things of the near future. A consular report from Tahiti says: "Capitalists who are interested in the extensive phosphate operations on Ocean and Pleasant islands of the Gilbert group, and in the new works about to be established on the island of Makatea, of the Tuamotu Archipelago, have recently begun a movement to connect nearly all the groups of islands in the South Pacific by a system of wireless telegraphy. It is proposed to include in this system the Commonwealth of Australia, the Dominion of New Zealand, the Fijis, the New Hebrides, the Solomon, Samoan, Cook, Society and Marquesas islands and the phosphate islands of Ocean, Pleasant and Makatea. It is expected that the various governments having possessions in the South Pacific will aid in the establishment of the proposed system. Negotiations have already proceeded so far that the success of the efforts seems to be almost assured. As the nearest ocean cable office to Tahiti is at Auckland, 2,250 miles away, from which a steamship of the Union line of New Zealand arrives at Papeete once every 28 days, and a direct communication by a steamship of the Oceanic Company with San Francisco, 3,658 miles distant, is had once in every 36 days, it will be understood how deeply interested the French colony of Tahiti and its dependencies are in the complete success of these negotiations. Other groups of islands are equally interested in the establishment of the system, which means so much to the inhabitants of these widely separated archipelagoes."

The largest pearl farm in the world is operated by a Mexican company in the Gulf of Lower California, which claims the honor of being the first to discover and put in successful operation the secret of successful pearl cultivation. "Two years are required for the growth of an ordi-

nary shell, which forms slowly in layers, like an onion. After two years the shell loses its gem, and, unless opened at the proper time, there is nothing of value within. Mr. Vives, who spent 25 years in studying and experimenting, discovered this fact, and thereupon he devised the system whereby the shells are cultivated until the proper time and then opened. In the first place, the shells are gathered in the season when the eggs are being deposited. These eggs are carefully placed in little artificial channels like the natural bottom of the sea, care being taken in these channels to protect the little animals from their natural enemies. At the proper stage they are transplanted into deeper water, where large boxes continue to protect them. The stock is also inspected and the dead ones removed and replaced by live shells. In the deeper channels the shells are left to develop, and at the end of two years the harvest is ready. In the deep-water cages, where the pearls develop, the divers can descend without risk. Three distinct kinds of pearls are produced in the California Gulf, the most valuable, black pearls, ranging close to $300 per carat gold. The next in point of value are the white pearls, about $250 a carat, the price varying with the size and perfection of the gem. The yellowish pearl, although ranking third in value, is, as a rule, first in favor among the feminine admirers because of the brilliancy of the gems. These prices are for the rarest and most perfect pearls."

CHRONICLE AND COMMENT.

Williams College opened this year with an enrollment of 485, the largest in its history. Middleburg opened with 220. At Amherst there are 192 freshmen.

The first of August there were in the Ohio penitentiary 1,675 prisoners. Of this number 1,355 state that were intemperate before going to the prison, and 348 state that drunkenness was the direct cause of the crimes which sent them there.

A liquor journal, Boufort's Wine and Spirit Circular, says concerning the saloon: "The saloon has discredited personal liberty and made it a term of reproach. If the saloon cannot be successfully defended, then let it go, and let the people decide how they want alcoholic beverages retailed."

Police Commissioner Bingham, of New York, gives some startling statistics regarding the foreign city population. He estimates the Jewish population of New York City at 1,000,000. According to his statement one-fourth of the criminals who are brought before the police judge of that city are of that race. He further estimates the Italians of that city at 500,000; the Hungarians at 150,000; Austrians, at 100,000; Germans, 150,000; Bohemians, at 75,000; non-Hebraic Poles, 80,000; Greeks, 80,000.

Dr. Luther Halsey Gulick has resigned his position as director of physical training in the schools of Greater New York to cary on playground work. His work will be along the lines of making use of the Sage Foundation Fund, which Mrs. Russell Sage has given for the purpose. Dr. Gulick is the author of "Physical Measurements" and "Physical Education by Muscular Exercises." His writings on physical education have commanded wide respect, and he is an important authority on the subject. Five years ago, when he was appointed to the position which he has just resigned, he was elected president of the American physical educational association.

Eight thousand persons interested in the cause of temperance marched in the streets of Chicago one day last week. Such a sight was never before seen anywhere in the land. The Tribune says: "Women in the streets lifted up their voices in audible prayers for the defeat of the liquor industry and Sunday-school children dressed in white sang gospel hymns and temperance songs. The non-temperance peope, who went to see the parade out of motives of curiosity, watched it with wonder. They had plenty of reason to, for it was, unlike any other parade that ever passed down the city's chief streets. In the procession were 200 preachers, led by Bishop Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church. Almost the entire force of the Salvation Army and the Volunteers was there. The Anti-Saloon League, the W. C. T. U., and the theological seminaries were well represented, and many of Chicago's solid business men and prominent men of the professions were in line.

There has been invented in Hungary a machine by which it is said 40,000 words per hour can be ent over a telephone. The machine consists of three parts, a perforator, transmitter and receiver. The first may be worked by a type writer, while the other two are automatic, working through the agencies of electricity and photography, and the instrument may be connected by an ordinary telephone line. Through operating the keys of the perforator the operator writes messages upon a long paper ribbon. By touching the keys a series of holes are punched in the ribbon, each set of holes representing a letter. After taking the ribbon from the perforator, the inventor places it in a small cylinder in the transmitter, and a touch of the switch sets the cylinder revolving and the ribbon with it. Before the ribbon has completely passed through the transmitter, a second broader strip of sensitized paper issues from the receiver, and upon it is written in plain, legible characters, the actual message which the inventor or operator has written on the typewriter. It is claimed that messages may be thus transmitted hundreds of miles, as well as short distances. It is said the inventor has discovered a means of harnessing light to electricity, by which a tiny spot of light hundreds of miles away is controlled as readily as close by.

That the gulf and Atlantic coasts of the United States are in danger of an infection of the bubonic plague was the serious note of warning sounded recently in Washington, D. C., by Dr. N. K. Foster of California before the delegates in attendance upon the twenty-third annual meeting of the Conference of State and provincial boards of health of North America. He expressed his belief that such an infection already may have taken place. The address of Dr. Foster, who is president of the organization, startled the delegates: "I firmly believe," said Dr. Foster, "that the United States will become generally infected, not from California, but from ports having comunication by water. My object is to sound a note a warning and to put you on your guard against an insiduous and dangerous foe." If the infection has not reached the Eastern United States, Dr. Foster said, "there is no reason to waste time in congratulation, for despite the excellent work and close guard kept by the marine hospital service, there is no reason to believe that the plague will follow other than its ultimate course. He

said no effort should be spared to guard against its introduction and warned his hearers that every city and town on the gulf and Atlantic coasts should begin now to destroy the rodents which carry infection and prepare for the threatened invasion.

The movement among independent Catholics in France, says the Missionary Review, is making rapid progress and shows that a great change has taken place. The people are coming to look more favorably on the separation of church and state, and while they have little conception of what real Christianity is, many of them are not satisfied with unbelief and listen readily to the gospel. The following encouraging statements appear in a contemporary: "Three years ago some hundreds of priests, through reading the New Testament, formed a combinaion with a view to establishng themselves and their congregations on new lines, separate from Rome. M. Meillon, the converted priest, and the head of the Paris mission of Protestant converts, was selected as their leader and entered fully into the spirit of the movement. The claims of 300 priests and 300 congregations willing to be led, came so powerfully upon him that he has resigned the charge of the Paris office; and has consecrated his talents to these 300 congregations called by the government, 'Associations cultuelles.' They are banded together in a league, and stand for: Separation from Rome; establishment on the basis of the gospel; absolute independence to be the right of each church, yet federation of all; election of trustees by and of their own associations only; perfect liberty as to Rome's dogmas, and substitution of French for Latin in public worship; loyalty to the republic."

Among the institutions working for good long time in this country is the American Tract Society. We quote from the Boston Transcript concerning its reorganization and better financial outlook: "The American Tract Society, that venerable institution organized away back in the years when American missionary enterprises were in their infancy, has been completely reorganized and its outgoes brought within its income. The change was decided upon late last spring, and the new order of things has been put in during the past summer. Among men to whom the credit for the change is due, are William Phillips Hall, the manufacturer and evangelist; Fleming H. Revell, the well-known bookseller, and Dr. Judson Swift, formerly one of the field men of the society. The days when deficits were anual occurrences have come to an end, it is announced. There has been much comment over the society's building, held by it in Nassau street, New York, in sight of the City Hall. There is a mortgage on the property amounting to $1,250,000, but the property is worth, it is estimated, $2,000,000 to $2,500,000, an amount in excess of what it was some years ago, before the development of transit facilities. Nothing has been lost on investment, for New York real estate dos not fall off in value. It is the judgment of th president of the society, as can be stated on authority, that the best plan is for some friends of missions to give the $1,250,000 and pay off the debt. If they won't do this within a reasonable time, he favors a sale of the property. Time was when the handling of such a vast property in the location named was a difficult matter, but now the income from it nearly reaches $175,000 a year and the cost of running it, including repairs, was last year $155,000. The income of the society from its regular sources equals its present expenses, and the balance from the building is being applied to the payment of old floating debts, incurred by annual deficits. The old plan of three secretaries has been done away with in favor of one general secretary in control, and the current and operating expenses cut one-half. In a way, the society is a trust or combine. That is, it seeks to prepare literature for educational and missionary purposes that can be used by all religious bodies, and so save the cost of preparing the same literature by each of them. Methodists and some other bodies have their own publishing houses, but the Tract Society antedates most of them. Its usefulness to foreign missions, especially in publishing Christian literature in languages wherein the sales could not be large, but where the misisonary need was great, has been enormous, and is still so. But its usefulness to American mission fields has been hardly less than in the foreign ones. The question in its administration now is simply whether to sell the rather ambitious property which it holds in New York, release its funds, and erect more modest accommodations, or to maintain its present plans. The few years during which it fell behind in its finances, while some others went ahead, have come to an end. Its annual report just issued is condensed and readable, showing in another way its new and up-to-date management.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. CADMAN.

. . Things Said to a Representative of the British Congregationalist.

Among the American preachers who have occupied English pulpits during the present summer, there has been one whose powerful preaching and attractive personality have compelled especial attention. This is the Rev. Dr. S. Parks Cadman, who has preached from Mr. Horne's pulpit at Whitefield's for five Sundays, the last being September 6th.

On all hands one hears glowing accounts of Dr. Cadman's preaching, whilst at Whitefield's itself his visit is referred to in terms of enthusiasm. The most flattering comment is to be found, however, in the steady increase, Sunday by Sunday, in the number of worshippers at the services, until, on last Sunday evening of his stay, the doors had to be closed a full half-hour before the service began.

It is not difficult to understand the reasons for this popularity, after attending the services and having a chat with the Doctor himself. Physically strong and robust, he is equally strong and robust in mental outlook and spiritual fibre, his dominant characteristic is masculinity, and his sermons and addresses are as forceful as the man himself.

Dr. Cadmon is an American by adoption only. He is a native of Shropshire, and went to America eighteen years ago to take up a country pastorate. When he reached his destination he was advised by the good deacon who was sent to meet the "Domine," that he might as well leave his books unpacked, because he would never be able to "do anything" with the Church and people. But Dr. Cadman was determined to "do something," if that something were possible, and he succeeded. He is now pastor of the Central Congregational Church at Brooklyn, which is one of the richest and most influential of t he Congregational Churches of America.

A representativve of the British Congregationalist was able to secure an interview with Dr. Cadman on the last Sunday of his visit to Whitefield's. Dr. Cadman's record

for that particular day was as follows: Two sermons, an address to the Men's Meeting, an address at the open-air service after the evening service, a farewell address at the social gathering in the Toplady Hall, a short address to the members of the Young People's Institute in their lounge, and then handshakes and good-byes all around! The first note struck at the interview was one of appreciation of the officers and people of the Central Mission, and especially of Mr. H. G. Spicer, who was chiefly instrumental in inviting him to preach, and of the Rev. W. C. Chisholm, the assistant-superintendent.

Asked for his views on Congregationalism on this side of the Atlantic, Dr. Cadman replied that his opportunities for judging the churches here had not been abundant. "One of the inherent weaknesses of our system," he said, "and one we have to guard against, is the lack of organized effort. Churches sometimes make their individuality an excuse for insufficiency. Concerted action is difficult in our polity, and it is for our leaders to discover for us federated methods which will not sacrifice local autonomy."

As to Whitefield's and Institutional Churches, he said he had himself been in charge of a church conducted on somewhat similar lines, for a space of about seven years. "I think Whitefield's is a model for its environment," he added, "and every Church must in like manner find its own means of approach to the community in which it is located.

As to the spiritual side of the Institutional Churches. he said: "It is a mistake to think spirituality is increased by the neglect of justice, by the toleration of organized public evils of any sort, or by an undue emphasis upon the individual believer. Social salvation is at the front here, and necessarily so, and men find that they best save themselves by an attempt to save others. Of course, I would not desire that type to be everywhere predominant, but it has its place in the kingdom of God. I find Christ is preached at Whitefield's, and that h eis enthroned as the Lord of heaven and earth, and the program connected with his name is a very noble and significant program. That to me personally is the most hopeful feature of the work here, for wherever Congregationalists are lacking in the New Testament conception of Jesus, as a rule they are lacking in influence and enterprise. That is one of the perils of our American theological system, created in part by the undue insistence of some people upon superfluous details and the neglect by others of fundamental principles."

The talk naturally moved to Congregationalism in America. Dr. Cadman is opinion that the Congregational Churches there are displaying increased vitality. "The recent gatherings, both local and national, have been marked by a larger interest and extended sympathy for aggressive efforts on behalf of the kingdom of God. The doctrinal position of Congregationalism in America is on the whole, healthy, and it is not to be misunderstood because of a few exceptions to the general rule. We believe in the rights of inquiry and liberty of speech; in reverence for the truth and in loyalty to one's convictions; and, on the whole, the passion of men in the pulpit and out of it to know what is real, and then apply it to practical life, is growing daily. They are trying in Congregationalism to find a standard of unity to which all Christian churches can assent, and then, as a household faith, proclaim that standard to the world at large. We believe we have found it in the Lord Jesus Christ. And while discussions may abound as to his exact nature, and his method of entrance into human life, there is no discussion as to the right of his personality to rule all of us."

With reference to the Congregational preachers in America, Dr. Cadman expressed the opinion, which he believed he could do without egotism, that Congregationalism in America is furnishing probably the strongest preachers on the continent.

He specially mentioned the Rev. C. R. Brown, of California, "who, by the way," he added, "was present at Whitefield's this morning"; the Rev. Charles E. Jefferson, of Broadway Tabernacle, New York City; the Rev. Frank W. Gunsaulus, of Chicago; the Rev. Newell Dwight Hillis. of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn; the Rev. A. J. Lyman, South Church, Brooklyn, and the Rev. George A. Gordon, of South Church, Boston.

"The interchange of American and English pulpits," continued Dr. Cadman, "has a great bearing upon the international situation. Nobody can estimate the influence of a few Englishmen and Scotchmen and Ulstermen who could be named, and who, having been trained here, have exercised a powerful ministry in the States, and who have acquainted thousands of their own brethren and the laymen with the real situation."

Dr. Cadman hopes to visit England again next year, where he has been invited to preach again at Whitefield's for five Sundays—four in August and one in September.

KILAUEA'S PIT OF MOLTEN LAVA.

A Honolulu correspondent writes as follows of the recent molten outflow from Hawaii's wonderful volcano:

Halemaumau, the great pit in the crater of Kilauea, which had been gradually filling up with molten lava for the last two years, for a depth of about nine hundred feet, suddenly emptied itself the other night. A day later it began filling up again, and more rapidly than ever, rising about four hundred feet in less than twenty-four hours. It is still rising, and with more violent activity than has been exhibited for many years.

The sudden emptying of the great pit is one of the characteristics of Kilauea . It is a phase of every cycle of activity in the volcano. But it is a phenomenon not seen by many people. The rising of the molten lava is a sight that has been witnessed by thousands. The process is one that usually extends over months. The pit presents itself as a great cauldron a thousand feet deep and 1,300 feet in diameter at the top.

Molten lava, from its source, at the bottom of the pit, is forced up with comparatively little explosive force. Sometimes it wells up like the water from a spring at the bottom of a pool. At other times it is thrown up in fountains that rise from only a few feet above the level of the molten mass to forty and fifty feet, or even a hundred, in rare instances.

The lava spreads itself in a viscid flow over the entire surface of the mighty cauldron, bringing the level up, higher and higher. This process has a slow or a swift course, depending on the pressure of the molten interior of the earth at particular times . The rise during the period of activity, which now seem to have culminated, was relatively slow.

It is nearly three years since the first activity was seen, a thousand feet below the top of the pit. As the molten

lava approached the top the rise was accelerated, the rate having been about three feet every twenty-four hours The nearer it came to the top, the more impressive a spectacle it became, and for the past three months the number of visitors has been very large—all and more than the hotel accommodations at the volcano could care for. The expectation was that the lava would rise to the top of the pit and flow over the great floor of the crater, as it has many times in the past century, though not for about twenty years.

The molten lava had reached to within less than a hundred feet of the top of the pit, when about midnight, Friday, September 4, the few visitors who were at the edge of the pit saw one of the most wonderful volcanic sights imaginable.

Suddenly, the lava ceased its upward motion In an instant it began to sink. Within an incredibly short time the surface of the pit was a fiery maelstrom. A great chasm appeared in the centre of the lake. Into this the lava poured. It was like liquid pouring down a gigantic funnel.

The outpour was a great deal faster than the inpour had been That was a torrent lasting only a few hours. From all sides the lava drained away down the centre through some enormous outlet. As the level of the lava fell, the walls of the pit were left white hot. Then the walls scaled off in great masses, which dropped into the lava with tremendous splashes. Sometimes these scaling walls carried with them a portion of colder and more solid rock, a fact told by loud explosions.

Lower and lower fell the lava, and by Saturday morning the pit was dead. The great column of lava, nearly a thousand feet high and much more than that in diameter, had disappeared, finding its way perhaps to the bottom of the sea, or perhaps filling up caverns and spaces between old lava flows . The "bottom had fallen out of Kaluea."

This outpour had been preceded by a sharp shock of earthquake, which probably rent the elemental rocks and opened a fissure of escape for the lava sea, the mere hydrostatic pressure of which must have been appalling.

Such is the regular cycle of Kilausea's activity. First there is the gradual filling up of the pit with lava. Then suddenly the hydrostatic pressure becomes too great. There is a rent or a rupture of the rocks below, and the lava flows out, sometimes in a submarine flow, sometimes in a lava flow out of the lower portions of Kilauea miles away from the crater.

Activity in Kilauea began again, however, within a much shorter time than it usually does. On Saturday night another earthquake shock was felt, and at midnight, twenty-four hours after the outflow, a few who were at the edge of the pit saw a flash of light in the bottom nearly a thousand feet below. They describe it as seemingly about the size of a wheelbarrow, but rapidly getting larger, and soon assuming the shape of geysers of lava thrown up to a height, as they estimated, of two hundred feet from the bottom of the pit . Then it was clear that a tide of molten lava was flowing into the pit, forced in from the bottom. It was a tide almost as rapid as that which had flowed out, for it rose rapidly in the pit. Higher and higher it rose, and at last accounts it had risen 400 feet and was still rising.

A TROUBLED CHRIST.

A Sermon by the Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose.

Text: "Now is my soul troubled."—John 12-27.

This profound revelation of the soul of Jesus is born out of an immediate circumstance. It is Tuesday of Passion week. Jerusalem is crowded with pilgrims coming up from the ends of the earth. Among these we discover certain Greeks, who aproach Philip saying, "Sir, we would see Jesus."

Whether Jesus met them we know not. Whether they found that for which they searched we are not told. But their request seems to agitate the Master and we are permitted to look in upon him standing in the dark valley, all shaken with emotion, and we hear himself crying, "Now is my soul troubled."

Usually Jesus is so serene and strong that we are startled by this certainty.

There are those whose souls seem always troubled and from whom we expect but little poise, whose lives l ie open like a shallow pool, ruffled by every vagrant breeze. Others there are whose life sources sink so deep they appear to base upon something eternal; men who move through the veering circumstances with steady mien, noble and serene. When these are troubled we stand fearful, for it seems that only some wild blast from outer chaos could shake their souls. As I have seen a lake inthe high Sierras lie bedded in the granite foundation of the earth, on every side the dark slopes rise precipitous to the snow-clad heights.

The water lies deep and still. Remote, solemn, absolute, it fills me with awe, and I feel that no man ever stood in this presence before. Only the icy norther sweeping down the naked peaks, the blast that wrenches the trees from their rocky foothold, and trembles the very hills can ever rouse a tumult here. So when we stand in the presence of the troubled soul of Jesus there is fear that the foundation of the moral universe upheave and we wildly question, "Who shall stand?"

What fierce tempest is let in upon him by these men who come from Greece? The very name connotes serenity. For these are a people who have interpreted life in terms of proportion and beauty. The lithe-limbed, radiant Apollo; the ivory Zeus gazing across the blue Aegean with untroubled eyes; the low Temple with its gleaming pillars through which the firelight flickers; these be the symbols of this nation's life, the perfected praise flung back to Nature and to God. And still the final word is not spoken in these exquisite symbols. The infinite passion and the pain that yearns is excluded, not destroyed. Yonder on the icy slopes of Caucausus Prometheus rolls his agony across a startled world. Here is no poise, no symmetry, no reserve. His feet embedded in the earth, his brow strikes the stars. God and man, he is the terrible impulse which send these men to the Jewish Christ.

"We would see Jesus!" is their cry; and their cry is the world-cry. The confessed failure of a race which dreamed it had achieved its destiny. It is the cry of humanity, wild and terrible, voicing the agony of body and spirit. And for the moment Jesus, too, reels under the shock.

He is leading man up to God. Carefully, patiently, he seeks to release his feet from the miring clay. But the man is compact of this very clay, and to release him seems almost to slay, and for the moment Jesus stands stunned and troubled, asking again; "Is there no other way?"

These Greeks and their need of help in the bitter process, the world and its pain as it tries to emerge, himself—for it is personal at last—"Is there no other way? Oh, God Almighty, can'st not thou save me, and save the world otherwise?"

And the soul of Jesus is shaken as your soul is shaken, as is mine, and he stands hesitant. "What shall I say? For my soul, my soul is troubled."

See, then, what Jesus, out of his troubled soul, will say. That which troubles him is the process, the method whereby God is achieving his great end. That end is the creation of one in his own image—a God. God is trying to create gods. Such bald statement is almost shocking. But what otherwise? What is he trying to do? To create one in his own image is no light task for God. There must be a method, a process. It cannot be done off-hand. Sons of God cannot be manufactured. A process is involved; and that which troubles the soul of Jesus is that which troubles your soul and mine. As we face it for others, as we face it for ourselves, comes the cry that it might be otherwise.

Two things Jesus will do. He will orient himself—and it is worth much as a practical help to note how he accomplishes this end; and secondly, he will lay upon such as would see him the same severe conditions. For himself he states first the end, the aim. "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified." All of God's meaning is wrapped up in this Jesus; he is the Father's success; he is the Word arrived; the purpose expressed; the consummated meaning. If there be meaning in the universe, it is Jesus Christ—for he is the Son of Man and the Son of God. Therefore, is it not less than true that now, in the hour when his soul is troubled by the process, he states, and for himself accepts it as the only way; in this he is glorified?

Then he states with unexampled clearness the method. First, a principle—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth by itself alone. Things cannot be otherwise than they are. The method of creation is no arbitrary method of God. It is the only way—this world, this creation, this struggling, emerging humanity, is God's very best; therefore it is the only way.

Note the emphasis of words which Jesus, usually so sparing of words, puts upon the thought of aloneness: "It abideth by itself alone." Life out of death, the higher springing out of the death of the lower; the birth from above; otherwise you stand alone, and this is the death of all.

Then follows his enunciation of the great law of the life of the Spirit. What gravitation is to a physical universe, so this law stands to a spiritual development. "He that loveth his life loseth it, and he that hateth his life in this world shall keep it unto life eternal."

Of all tragic misconceptions of Jesus, that interpretation of this utterance which sends men to the monastery, to separateness, to ecclesiasticism and ritual, is most tragic. It is to ignore the first utterance—"Except a grain of wheat fall into the earth and die, it abideth by itself alone." He must lose himself into the need of the world; the thick of experience, where men press and crowd—theremust the achieving Son of God find his death and his life.

Then, with exceptional severity, Jesus turns to the Greeks and to me, saying: "If any man serve me, let him follow me." "Whither, oh Lord?" But I know. I have known it all the time. It is up the slope of Calvary, where a cross hangs dark against the sky. It is no time for compromise. "I go up to the cross. And where I am, there—not here, but there—shall also my servant be." If I am to serve Jesus, I must follow him whither he goes. Do we stand as those who would skirt the mountain—who would follow him afar off, hoping to join him in the hour of his resurrection? It will not do; it cannot be; I must follow him straight up the way.

And lest this should seem to hang in the air, let me tell you what I did. I would not dare repeat these words of Jesus, except I tested them for myself. This morning's sun broke across my soul troubled—troubled even as the soul of him I seek to call Master. I wanted God; I wanted to serve Jesus; I wanted to achieve God's purpose in me; but I was afraid, and in my heart I nursed that which I could not leave behind. My very life was involved. "If I follow thee, oh Master, I am bereft indeed." The process, the method, the death of self, was too much for me. I loved my life;and that I loved seemed my only life — the only life worth while. It alone gave warmth and richness to the day.

True, I wanted to find and keep my higher life, my Divine life, my life in God; but I wanted to choose my way and weave into my service a life which must die. My soul was troubled. What could I say? "Father, save me from this hour?" But for this cause came I unto this hour. All my prayer and effort have been toward making the great renunciation; that choosing God's will and way I might help others understand and choose. My ministry and leadership could be strengthened only as I died to self. And as I have stood with Jesus witnessing his troubled heart, as I have sought reverently, and yet with terrible boldness, to go back of his words into his very soul, I have come to know that if not for myself, for others I might give all up and follow him. And I have given my life. I have followed up the way. Not triumphantly have I with mine own hands nailed it to the cross. But, weak and spent, I have laid it all at the foot of that cross, saying: "Master, I lay it here; I can do no more; take thou it away from me." And the peace that passeth understanding is come to me at last. I am not strong, but willingness and peace are come to me, and I would not accept back that which he has taken.

Is your soul troubled? Well, the soul of Jesus was troubled. At least here you can stand with him. Here is understanding and sympathy. He is troubled; you are troubled. You can come to him here. Then you will look into his eyes; you will hear his voice; beneath the severity you will feel the passion of love, and as he slowly ascends the heights, you will not remain behind. His hand will hold yours, and with him you can go even to Calvary.

THE CHRISTIAN'S TREASURE.

The constant question in the haunts of business men is: Where shall I find a safe investment? Our Divine Master anticipated all such questions when he said, "Lay not up for yourself treasures upon earth, where moth and rust corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal: but lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven."

Paul was probably accounted a poor man at Corinth, for he earned his daily bread with a tent-maker's needle. But in God's sight he was a millionaire. He could say: "I know whom I have believed, and . . . that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day." The great apostle had made Jesus Christ his trustee.

He had put his affections, his soul, and his everlasting hopes, into his Saviour's hands; and when he reached heaven he knew that he would find the great deposit safe. He had laid up nothing that moths could consume or rascals steal. His investments were in real estate that never depreciates, and the Son of God had charge of it. So may every true Christian—whether in a brown-stone mansion or in an attic—congratulate himself that what is precious to him is in the keeping of his Saviour.

The grand old tent-maker had other treasures laid up on high also; all the glorious spiritual results of his life were there. Brother and sister in Christ, so are yours and mine, however humble. And whatever we give up for our Master's sake increases our heavenly treasures The profits which we might make and which we sacrifice in order to keep a clean conscience, add to our wealth, for they make us "rich toward God." Hoarding money, stealing time from prayer and Bible reading, nursing popularity, all are wretchedly impoverishing. Giving up for Christ is an enriching process. Whatever we lay down here in order to please and honor our Master will be laid up to our account yonder.

Our God is a faithful trustee; he keeps his books of remembrance. He will reward every one according as his works shall be. Two talents will pay a grand dividend; yes, and even one talent will sparkle when some humble mission school teacher presents her class on the last great day and says, "Here am I, Lord, and these children I brought to thee!" When we speak of salvation as by grace and not "of work," we must not forget that other truth, that God will judge us all according to our works. They will be laid up there. If the selfish sinner's "wages" are paid in hell, a Christian's wages are paid in heaven.

Compound interest will make some of Christ's servants magnificent millionaires. All that Paul gave up of worldly pelf and fame and ease and emolument, will stand to his credit up there; and the results of this life of self-sacrifice for Jesus have been going on accumulating every day for eighteen centuries, and who can tell what they will amount to when judgment morning breaks?

People sometimes speak in a pitying tone of "poor ministers with small salaries." Wait until the treasure chests are opened up yonder, and see if any one will call that hard-working soul-winner poor. John Bunyan when in jail comforted himself with the thought that he had "rich lordships" in those souls whom he led to Jesus. What a Croesus the old tinker of Bedford will be when he comes into full possession of his inheritance!

Benjamin Chidlaw in the hard struggles of his boyhood sewed the skins of trapped animals into mittens in order to earn a few shillings; that log cabin experience fitted him for his great work as a pioneer of Western Sunday-schools I should not wonder if troops of children will salute him up in the Father's house.

To John Eliot, the converted Indian will be a star in his crown. Judson must have already met his "treasures" brought home from the mission field in Burma. I have been reading the letter of our young American brother. Mr. R. P. Wilder, announcing the conversion of a Brahman in India; his soul was filled with joy; for such a convert may make a breach in the wall of heathenism through which others will pour in. Who says that investments in foreign missions do not "pay"?

The simple fact is that the only investments that do pay interest through all eternity are those which are made for the cause of Christ and in his service. The gains are very steady up there. Poor city missionaries and frontier preachers and Salvation Army soldiers and godly needlewomen have their savings banks in God's right hand. Those banks never break. The only change for heavenly treasures is their enlargement. There is no corruption from within, and no consumption from without. The moth never gnaws there and the burglar never breaks in to steal.

It is impossible to compute what treasures every faithful, self-denying Christian may be storing away for his or her long life in glory. God keeps his record on high, and each good deed of love, each act of self-denial, each surrender of pride or worldly ambition for Jesus' sake, will find sure remembrance there "Follow Me, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven," says the Master. My reader, how much real estate have you got?

Among the Churches.

California.

. . . **Oakland, Plymouth.**—Eleven persons were welcomed into fellowship last Sunday.

San Francisco, Mayflower.—One person was received into fellowship on October 4.

San Rafael.—Fifteen were received into fellowship on Sunday, October 4—six on confession. Five were heads of families. All were adults but two. The membership has more than doubled in the past seven months.

Auburn.—Our church is using "Common Worship," the good Presbyterian contribution, to aid in making the services attractive and helpful. Rev. Oliver Van Wagnen, the pastor, will close the year with forty expository sermons on Matthew.

Campbell.—Two persons united with the church last Sunday. The pastor, the Rev. George Atkinson, has gone for two weeks to Scott Valley. While there he will preach at Dorris and at Etna. Mrs. Windsor, who plans to go East soon to live with a son, has given the library of the late Dr. Windsor to the pastor. The pastor's brother, the Rev. H. H. Atkinson, who has been a missionary in Turkey for several years, has reurned with his family on a year's furlough. They are now at Capitola.

Martinez.—Rev. Geo. H. DeKay has been engaged to supply the pulpit until a pastor is secured. Last Sunday he preached two very interesting and helpful sermons on "Lessons From Discouragement," and "Talitha Cumi." The interest and attendance in the mid-week meetings is well sustained. The Senior Endeavor Society, made up of those of mature years, who believe in the continued application of Endeavor principles to church work, has charge of the meeting.

San Francisco, Green Street.—Work has stopped on the new building. There is no furnace and the basement is open to the winter dampness. A few hundred dollars would mean much at this time. California has given less than one-tenth of the amount expended. Mr. and Mrs. Paul Brown of Los Angeles and of the C. E. State work are now "residents," as is also Miss Sara Ruth Edwards of San Jose.

who gives four days a week. Three adults were lately added to the membership, upon confession. The Girls' Club of the Palo Alto Church is sending in weekly boxes of flowers. The Wednesday evening meeting is given over to the study of the Emmanuel Movement.

. . **Pasadena, First.**—Eight persons were received into membership October 4—four on confession. Among them were two Japanese brethren from the Japanese mission. Although the church was by no means idle during the summer, activities are being renewed with fresh vigor all along the line. The evening service was resumed with a delightful service of song by the chorus choir, which has taken no vacation during the summer. Afternoon meetings have been held by the church and Aid Society every two weeks during vacation, the usual monthly all-day meeting being resumed last week.

Bellevue and Medina.—A call has been extended to Rev. Arthur P. Strong of Berea, Ohio, to serve as pastor of these churches, as Rev. G. L. Dick finds it impossible to continue at present in the pastorate on account of breaking down under the strain of his vigorous work in organizing Medina and bringing the two fields to self-support. Mr. Strong is a cousin of Dr. Sidney Strong of Seattle. Bellevue and Medina, though outside the city limits, are really Seattle churches, as a large part of their membership is composed of families whose homes are there but whose business is in the city.

Riverside.—Our people have quite generally returned from their outings, as evidenced by the increasing attendance at morning and evening service. The pastor begins the new year's work refreshed by a brief vacation, and much encouraged by the many kindly expressions of loyalty and support received from the people. There is manifest, an undercurrent of desire for a larger outpouring of the divine spirit. It is hoped this may crystalize in some special effort, either by the pastor or through outside assistance, or both. To those who for long months have been praying for an awakening, the present manifest purpose on the part of many to make this the best year in the history of the church, is a cause for deep gratitude and thanksgiving to God and a lively hope for the future, A large and enthusiastic audience greeted the pastor at the first communion service after the vacation season, at which six were received into fellowship, making sixty-nine for the first year of the new pastorate.

Pacific Grove.—At the monthly missionary meeting of the Mayflower Congregational Church of Pacific Grove, held September 30th, a memorial service was held in memory of Miss M. L. Holman, who was the first secretary of the missionary society out of which grew the church. When the church was organized, Miss Holman was elected clerk and treasurer, which offices she held until failing health compelled her to resign. She was also directoress of the Ladies' Aid Society. The beautiful tributes paid her by her fellow laborers in the work, Sisters Snell, Painter, Furlong and Colerick, showed her self sacrifice and faithfulness, not only in the church, but also in the house, where she filled the place of home-keeper for the brother and three motherless children. She was with the brother's family at Linden, San Joaquin county, at the time of her call, which came suddenly at last on Sept. 15th. We feel that this text has been fulfilled, "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of the Lord."—Mat. 25-23.

Santa Cruz.—The resignation of Miss Irma Allen, the church visitor, has been accepted. She resigns to accept a position as assistant pastor of the First United Presbyterian Church of San Francisco, of which Rev. Dr. H. H. Bell is the pastor. The new field offers a great opportunity for work, especially in the Sunday-school, as Dr. Bell is one of the leading Sunday-school workers of the State. Miss Allen is the State superintendent of the Home Department, and will also go throughout the State and give addresses on her chosen work. She has been at work for eleven months in this city, her chosen field of labor, the Home Department, which she has made the largest in Northern California, until it has a membership of over 400. She has also visited the canyons in the country districts, and through her efforts many people are studying daily the Bibel in the home department. She has been in charge also of the new Sunday-school on the East Side, which was organized through her efforts. During the absence of the pastor, this church has had as pulpit supplies Prof. Buckham of Pacific Theological Seminary, the Rev. W. T. Patchell of San Jose, and the Rev. J. W. Speers.

WASHINGTON.

(Church News items should be addressed to Rev. Charles F. Clarke, 7212 Woodlawn Ave., Seattle.)

Kirkland.—Rev. C. E. Newberry has resigned at Coupeville to assume the pastorate vacant since the resignation of Mr. D. R. Tomlin, last spring.

Seattle, Kirkwood.—A large gathering welcomed Rev. Mr. Withington, Sept. 26th. The church had been tastefully decorated by the ladies, who also served refreshments. Nearly all the Congregational pastors of the city were present, and each one was caled for a few words of greeting after an interesting musical program had been rendered by some people connected with the church and their friends. The excavating for the basement is finished and work has begun on the walls of the new room which the church hopes to occupy before many weeks.

Seattle, West.—A reception was tendered Rev. E. Tremayne Dunston and family Sept. 23d, by the ladies of the church, who decorated the edifice most charmingly and at the cost of many hours' work. W. W. Scudder presided, and warmly congratulated the church on the settlement work and on the hopeful prospect. Fraternal greetings were presented by Dr. H. C. Mason of University Church, Dr. Sidney Strong, president of the Ministerial Association. Dr. Black (Episcopal), the Rev. Mr. Ferguson (Presbyterian), Dr. Green, and the Rev. C. R. Gale. The new minister responded in a short address, which was very heartily received.

Seattle Ministers' Meeting. — An innovation has been made in the ministers' meeting arrangements. Hereafter the meeting will be held in the morning, for the present at the Y. M. C. A., and those who care to will remain for a social time in one of the lunch rooms. Sept. 28th thirteen sat at a table, so, perhaps, the plan is doomed, but every one voted this meting a success. Resolutions of regret were passed concerning Mr. Edwards' withdrawal from Seattle, Dr. Van Horn also expressing his apreciation of Mr. Edwards. The paper for the day discussed the Police System of Seattle, and was read by Rev. R. S. Osgood. This was the first in a series of studies in the social conditions

of Seattle. At the meting on Oct. 12th Dr. Dunstan and Mr. Clarke will present a view of the amusements of the city.

Seattle, Plymouth.—Two of her efficient workers leave Plymouth this fall—the Rev. G. N. Edwards, the assistant pastor, who goes to the church at Puyallup; and Miss Julia Dow, who has long filled a large place in the activities of the church. In accepting the resignation of Mr. Edwards, the church, in resolutions, expressed deep appreciation of his work, mentioning especially the way in which he had met and fulfilled "the arduous duties connected with his position as leader and instructor for the Sunday-school, but also through the more important and more trying duties as spiritual assistant to the pastor of this large church." A large number of the members of Plymouth Church gathered in the church parlors Sept. 24th to celebrate the 39th anniversary of its organization. The guests of honor were Mrs. W. T. Meydenbauer, the only charter member still connected with the church, and Mrs. J. W. Denny, a charter member now conected with the Oak Lake Congregational Church of this city. They gave interesting accounts of the organization, which was effected by five persons at the home of John Sanderson, which was then on the corner of Third and Seneca streets. In 1869 this home was on the extreme outskirts of the city. The first house of worship was built on Second Avenue, between Seneca and Spring streets. On July 31, 1891, the first service was held in the present building on Third Avenue.

OREGON LETTER.

By George H. Himes.

The crowded condition of Mississippi Avenue Congregational Church has caused the trustees to sell the present location, a little more than 100x100, for which $6,000 was received, and buy three lots on the corner of Missouri Ave. and Shaver Sts., upon which a new house of worship will be built as quickly as possible. The cost of the new edifice will be about $8,000. By vote of the church at its business meeting the name of the church henceforth will be the "Pilgrim Congregational Church."

The Sunnyside Church, Rev. John J. Straub, pastor, will soon begin the erection of a new church home, in a different location from that now occupied, and it is expected that the cost will be about $25,000. A new building has become a necessity, as the old edifice has become greatly outgrown.

Dr. Dyott recently announced a very important as well as interesting series of sermons for the Sunday evening service during the next three months as follows, beginning October 11th:

1—"The Religion of a Reasonable Man."

2—"Religion in a New World." (New Views about God, the Bible and this World.)

3—"A Whole Religion for a Whole Life." (Young People's Night.)

4—"Religon at the Ballot Box." (A Night for Politicians and Patriots.)

5—"Religion in the Home." (Home Lovers' Night.)

6—"Religion in the Church: Has the Church the Right Message for this Age?"

7—"A Rational Interpretation of the Troubles and Sorrows of Life."

8—"Will Religion and Business Mix." (Business Men's night.)

9—"Religion and Education: Should the State Give Money to Religious Schools? Should Religion be Taught in Secular Schools?"

10—"The Dicta of Reason with Reference to the Immortality of the Soul." (For Those Who Have Ones in the Other World.)

11—"Reason, Sin and Salvation."

12—"Ought a Religious man to Join the Church?"

Several months ago, at the instigation of the City Municipal League, the officers of the law closed all the saloons in the city. At first a number of saloon men persisted in treating the new order of things with contempt in a most brazen-faced way; but a few fines, with a heavier fine upon each recurrence of the offense by the same party, have served notice on liquor sellers in general that public sentiment was back of the League, and not in the humor to be trifled with. As a consequence, saloons are now generally closed on Sunday, and it is not likely that they will ever be opened again on that day.

Since this effort of the League met with such general support in dealing with the liquor traffic, its officers have been busily engaged in formulating plans for two additional steps forward in promoting good morals in the city. (1) To close up all kinds of business on Sunday; (2) To close up all houses of ill fame. Last Sunday the effort to close all business houses was made, but there were a good many violations, and fifty arrests were made. A number of these cases will be taken in to the higher courts, and will require a little time to secure results. The matter of how to handle houses of ill fame righteously and justly is an exceedingly serious one, and it is not likely that the world is much nearer its proper solution now than it was a thousand years ago. The edict has gone forth from the Mayor that all these houses must be closed at once; and the mayor's reason for the edict is: "That is the law, and it is my business to enforce it as I find it." But it is no part of his plan, as outlined so far, to punish the male partners in the social evil, and that fact is likely to be emphasized very strongly in the discussion of the question, with the result that the present conditions will be continued indefinitely, on account of the unjust discrimination of the present attempt at regulation. There is no doubt but that good will grow out of the agitation of the "vexed question," however, and the most effectual known methods of dealing with it will be studied, so that in due time the evil may be largely mitigated.

Portland, October 4, 1908.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR TOPIC FOR OCTOBER 18.

Commending Our Society. IV—By Systematic, Generous Giving. I Cor. 10:1, 2; Mal. 3:7-12.

By Henry K Booth.

The passage in Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians is well worthy of more serious consideration by all Christians than it has ever received. The church at Jerusalem had fallen into dire straits of poverty. With a desire that the fraternal spirit of the churches might be given a definite form of expression we find the Apostle Paul devoting much time to the gathering of a large offering among the churches to relieve the needy Christians of Jerusalem. For nearly two years he urged this matter upon the churches, and received a hearty response from the Christians of Galatea, Macedonia and Achaia. The offering was large, and seven men were required to go up with Paul (Acts 20: 4) to carry the offering to Jerusalem, Paul himself making the long journey with this end chiefly in view (Rom. 15:

25). It is a delightful glimpse into the earnest and fraternal life of the early Christian church. But it is something more—an incentive to the emulation of that generous and self-sacrificing spirit there so clearly manifest. And we are thankful that this incident led to Paul's classic expression of the true spirit of Christian benevolence in the passage assigned for our topic and in the eighth and ninth chapters of II Corinthians. Such phrases as these have entered into the thought and life of the Christian Church—"He that soweth bountifully shall reap also bountifully;" "The Lord loveth a cheerful giver." And the principle of equality in the share of the gifts of God was never better set forth than in II Co. 8: 13-15. To the mind of Paul generosity was one of the graces receiving the greatest blessing from God. It is a grace that we would all do well to cultivate. How many an otherwise well-rounded life is spoiled by a spirit of niggardliness. The world very rightly despises the stingy man, for this disposition takes its rise in selfishness. But the man of generous spirit—how men love him and what a pleasure it is to know him. And yet notice how sane is this New Testament standard of giving. There is no sanction for that extravagent and reckless generosity that lacks balance and common-sense—not "that others may be eased and ye distressed, but by equality."

And to Paul's mind the giving should not only be generous, but be systematic and habitual. "Upon the first day of the week let each one of you lay by him in store as he may prosper." Upon this simple plan of a weekly, systematic giving, the great collection was secured for the needy of Jerusalem. And it is a plan upon which we cannot improve. The weekly gift to the church, to missions, to benevelont objects the ideal set by all who are managing the finances of such work. The small gift if it be systematic and methodical has a cumulative power that is amazing. The bulk of the support of all philanthropies is from systematic gifts of small proportions rather than from the large sporadic gifts. And systematic giving should be cultivated for yet another reason—that thereby generosity becomes a habit and has its reflex influence upon the whole character.

Among Christian Endeavorers one plan or system of giving is meeting with ever-increasing favor—the Tenth Legion . It is an adaptation to modern conditions of the old Jewish plan of tithing—and deserves adoption by all loyal Endeavorers. It would be well if the conduct of this meeting were entrusted to the Tenth Legion Superintendent of your society, that this particular plan of systematic, generous giving might receive its due consideration. And above all let us emulate the example of those Macedonian churches which out of their deep poverty "abounded unto the riches of liberality." We can all give to the Lord's work, no matter what our material state, and receive a blessing if we give heartily and prayerfully. For in God's sight if "the readiness is there," the gift "is acceptable" unto Him.

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite;
To forgive wrongs darker than the death of night;
To defy power which seems omnipotent;
To love and bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates;
Neither to change, to falter, nor repent;
This, like thy glory, Titan, is to be
Good, great and joyous, beautiful and free;
This is alone life, joy, empire and victory.

—Shelley's Prometheus.

THE HOME

THE "PUTTERING" WOMAN.

To "putter," which is essentially the derivative from "potter," is a word hard to define and easy to understand. It means to busy one's self about trifles and to work to little purpose. It means a vast expenditure of nervous energy on matters that might be lightly dismissed or relegated to others, and the consequent failure to gain "power through repose," or culture through the elevation and concentration of the life . And one of the saddest sights in the world is to see a woman occupied strenuously with innumerable and self-imposed household nothings!

I do not of course refer to "the trivial round, the common task" of duties inseparable from household management, the rearing and training of children, the economics of the commissariat and the like. Women of capacity discharge such duties with promptitude and thoroughness and still find leisure for church and social obligations, for the writing and reading of books, for healthful recreation. I mean rather by "puttering" the over-emphasis which is put upon trifiles of little or no importance, trifles that may as well be left to servants, the exaggeration of household details, the gradual contraction of a woman's life to such pettiness of environment as will ultimately dwarf the higher powers and faculties. And this baneful tendency is not confined to any particular class of women . It is not a question of poverty or wealth whether a woman shall become a mere household "putterer." It is a question of intelligence, of will power, of management, of innate capacity. Not infrequently, as pastor of a church, I have found tnat the women in my congregation who read the best books, lend a helping hand to philanthropy, respond to appeals for workers and keep abreast with their husbands in knowledge of current and weighty topics are those having but one servant and from two to three children.

The "puttering" woman may possess excellent qualities of mind and heart, but they are in danger of being swallowed up in the sea of the infinitesimal. She comes down to breakfast forecasting muddy coffee; she goes to bed at night anxiously debating whether the raspberry jam was stored away on the second or third shelf of the pantry. Now it is worry as to what shall be done with an accumulating mass of daily papers, which the ragman will jump at the chance of calling for regularly one a week . Now it is a bad quarter of an hour because she decided to let Jack go to school without his reefer . Now there is a crease of irritation in the white forehead if the servants are five minutes late in putting on the dinner, and the habit of exaggerated concern is so fixed that if her husband fails to arrive promptly from the office he must surely be mangled by a cable car or overcome by apoplexy

The "puttering" woman is never able to get away from herself. In the maelstrom of the self-centered she cares less and less for social enjoyment and recreation, for books and reading, because her whole mind is taken up with determining whether the family ark of a trunk shall go up garret or remain in the back entry, or a hundred trifles of equal moment. Poor soul! Her originally fine nature may be warped or twisted by this failing until the good housewife grows unbearably petulant and rasping. . . . .

There is a family likeness in all portraits of the "put-

tering" woman. Her type is one of the most unvarying in all creation. But the encouragement of the situation is that the present athletic, out-of-door life for girls is building up a race of young women who, when married, will begin their careers with a reserve fund of strength, energy, buoyancy and accumulated power to which their mothers were strangers And the mothers themselves who "putter" may win back much that has been lost of larger interest in larger worlds by resolutely building a new physical life on the modern scientific basis of physical culture.—F. S. Root.

THRE COLDS A WINTER.

"My neighbor, Mrs. Vere de Vere, tells me that she expects three colds every winter and is thankful if she escapes without having four. That seems a hard experience for a woman of her age and duties. I wonder if it as necessary as she thinks.

"Probably not. Perhaps she does not know how to take care of herself."

"She ought to—she must be fifty. But how can one avoid taking cold?"

"In its application that is a difficult question. In its principle, I think I can answer it in a few simple sentences.

"1. Keep your lungs full of good air, and not bad. A 'stuffy' room means that the air that fills it is stuffed with poison. A deep breath of cold air often seems to counteract the danger of a sudden chill. It is like opening the draft of a furnace; it makes the fire burn. But, perhaps, Mrs. Vere de Vere does not know how to take a deep breath. Few women do.

"2. Keep your mouth shut. I sat near a young woman in church the other day who drank in the sermon with a mouth just wide enough open to let a good sized mouse creep in. There was no mouse, but, although I believe her to be a good and sensible girl, it certainly made her look like a fool, and I suspect she suffers from catarrh and has a cold all winter. The nose passages filter and warm the air. Let them do their work and keep the mouth for eating and talking.

"3. Keep the feet warm and dry. Two of Mrs. Vere de Vere's colds she probably owes to thin shoes a size too small for comfort. A bird's foot seems impervious to cold, but a man's foot is sensitive and revenges its suffering upon the body and brain.

"4. Keep the pores open. A cold is a congestion. It means that some of the natural channels of excretion are closed up and the rest are overworked. Pay the pores of the skin good wages of care and they will not be quick to go on strike. Wool and water and the flesh brush are their due; see that it does not go unpaid.

"5. Eat only what you earn. If food were simple, a natural appetite would be a sufficient test, but with our special temptations for a sophisticated appetite it is best to remember that food is for repair of waste. If you have been sitting in a warm corner with a novel all day you have not earned much dinner. If you have been active in the open air, more will not hurt you. Muscle work wants food for muscles, brain work food for brains. Whenever you overload the stomach with excess of food—either of quantity or of a kind that is not easily digested—you are inviting a congestion, which always means a 'cold.'

"6. Don't worry. Anxiety and ill temper distill poison in the blood. It takes longer to digest food when you are cross or gloomy. Ill temper is like sand instead of oil upon the bearings of machinery. Fun and faith are among the best preventives of sickness we possess.

"If one attends faithfully to these six maxims and still has three colds a winter it must be because he or she has inherited or acquired an enfeebled constitution."

DON'T SPEAK OF IT.

A highly educated young lady was one day talking of an elderly cousin who had done a great deal for her. "He is as good as gold," she said, frankly, "but, O, isn't he stupid! He is the stupidest man I ever saw!"

The several people who heard this remark were properly shocked. After all which that generous and cultured man had done for this thoughtless girl, the least she could have returned to him was silence regarding his failings. She might have left other people to find him out, if indeed they existed, so long as it was not necessary for her to expose them.

On the other hand a young man of exemplary habits had a wicked father, but no one ever heard a complaint of that father from his son's lips. When called into court to testify against him, the unhappy youth related conscientiously the facts in the case, but it was evidently one of the most painful experiences of his life. The boy showed consistently by his speech a filial regard for his father, but his general bearing was an utter condemnation of that father's sins. It was a wonderful lesson in right living.

There is a species of individual who cannot bear to have anybody praised without hastening to qualify the compliment with something unfavorable. This is bad enough to hear of strangers or near acquaintances. It is revolting when the subject is a relative or supposably near friend of the speaker.

A certain girl showed a fine feeling in this matter. A loud-mouthed, rude fellow made an insulting remark concerning her father in the village store in which she served as a clerk. The girl swiftly crossed the room and stood erect before him, her face pale, but her manner full of dignity.

"If you allude to my father, Mr. ———," she said, calmly, but with righteous indignation in her voice, "I will ask you never to mention his name in my presence, unless you can do so with respect. He is poor and feeble, and I will not hear a man like you insult him."

There is nothing more beautiful than to see a whole family standing by each other and striving to help each other, if their purpose is good and their ambition high. The Rossettis presented a striking example of this virtue. The Field, Lothrop and Jocelyn families and many others have been conspicuously true and kind to each other.

All of us have weaknesses. Most of us have serious faults. Sometimes in the interest of justice it becomes necessary for us to mention the failings of our relatives and friends. When it is not necessary, let us keep quiet concerning them. There can be no fine loyalty in love or friendship without such reticence.—Kate Upson Clark.

The Nebraska Senator who sometime ago raised the question of Mr. Taft's religion and ended his defence by declaring that Mr. Taft was neither a Roman Catholic nor a Unitarian. It must not be overlooked that, according to the daily press, Mr. Taft is "sufficiently religious to attend funerals in all denominational churches." The Nebraska Senator can rest easy. It is pretty evident that Mr. Taft is not like the Athenians—"too religious in all things."

Young People

JACK'S TURKEY.

"Tell us about it, mother," said Bessie, just as if she had not heard the story so many times that she could tell it quite as well as mother herself, the story of Thanksgiving Day in the eastern home where mother had lived when she was a little girl.

"Well, throw another stick on the fire, Jack," said the mother by way of preparation, as she took baby Charline in her arms.

The flames roared up the wide chimney, and threw a bright glow out into the large room, a cabin room, with its log walls unplastered and its rude furnishings of the simplest sort . The mother herself swayed to and fro in a clumsy wooden rocker while she told the children that which sounded to them like a page from a fairy tale

"We all went to grandfather's that day. There were ever so many uncles, aunts and cousins of us, thirty-five in all, and we children thought it the happiest day in all the year. We all wore our nicest dresses—"

" 'You had a crimson merino, and your hair was tied with crimson ribbons,' interposed Bessie. "And your Cousin 'Liz'beth wore a blue dress and had long curls."

"Let mother tell it," said Jack, cutting short the description of finery "I want her to come to the dinner."

"Well, we had plenty of games and fun, and time enough to look at each other's dresses before we came to the dinner," said the mother laughingly; "but when it was ready—my! what a table! Roast turkey, roast pig—"

But there the narrative was cut short by the stamping of feet outside the door. Father and Will had come in from the clearing, and mother hastily put the sleeping baby in his cradle, and went to see about supper. The children knew all about the dainties that graced great-grandfather's dinner table, however, and they finished out the list to each other from the plum pudding through all the pies to the nuts and oranges.

"I wish we could have such times," said Bessie discontentedly . "We don't have anything away out here, and I hardly know how an orange looks."

"It's the turkey and such things I'd like to have," said Jack. "Mother says when we get through clearing, and the place fenced in we can have chickens, but it takes so awfully long. Day after to-morrow is Thanksgiving too, and it'll be just the same old kind."

But it was not like Jack to want things without planning how to get them, and when he sat whittling out a boat by the fireside that evening he was studying something besides boats.

"I think you will have to go over to Mrs. Lander's tomorrow, Jack, and carry her a bag of hops," said his mother, suddenly looking up from her work "I promised her part of mine when the vines did so well this cummer, but I never sent them."

"Yes'm," answered Jack, with unusual readiness, while Bessie's voice broke in eagerly:

"O mother, may I go with him?"

Visits were rare in that new country, and an errand to the next clearing meant a walk of four miles, dinner, and a pleasant hour or two with friends, and then the walk home. Both children were ready early the next morning, but Bessie was surprised when they were a little away from the house to see Jack put down his hops and running around to the side of a cattle-shed, bring out an old rifle that had been given him.

"What are you going to do with that?" she asked wonderingly.

"Hush! walk on and I'll tell you," Jack answered. "I don't want the folks to know, for maybe I can't do it; but I'm most sure I've heard wild turkeys in the woods, and if I could shoot one we'd have it for dinner tomorrow."

His father and Will might have laughed at the expectations of the young hunter, but the little singer had perfect faith in Jack's knowledge and skill, and her eyes danced at the mere thought of such a surprise. And a wonderful thing happened that day, for Jack really did shoot a wild turkey. To tell the truth it was not so much a matter of fine marksmanship as of a fortunate happening, for Jack did not see his game at all, he only heard a rustling in the bushes and fired at random.

"You've done it! You've done it!" cried Bessie when the fine bird was found. She wanted to turn homeward with their prize at once, but the cooler-headed Jack objected.

"Why we must be more than half way to Lander's now; we might as well go on," he said. "I'll hang the turkey up in the tree where nothing can touch it, and we will get it on our way back."

Both children thought they should stay but a short time —the visit had lost something of its charm in this new delight, but they had wandered farther than they thought in their search for game, and it was almost dinner-time when they reached the clearing. They were hungry and tired and when dinner was over the Lander boys had treasures to show them in the way of a tame squirrel and a captive coon, so that it was Mrs. Lander who noticed the clock and suggested their departure.

"You musn't keep the children too late, boys," she said. "I'm sorry they did not come early enough for a longer visit, but they must get home before sunset."

There was plenty of time for that, they all agreed and good-byes were called back and forth cheerily until the two were out of sight of the clearing.

"We'll have to go out of our way to get the turkey, but that won't take long," Jack said to Bessie. "I don't see why I didn't think to bring it as far as the path before I hung it up."

"It wasn't very far off," answered Bessie contentedly as they pushed their way among trees and tangled undergrowth. But though Jack felt sure he knew where to go, he had not particularly marked the way, and one clump of bushes looked wondrously like another as they pushed forward, constantly thinking they recognized a tree or thicket just ahead of them, and as often finding it not the spot they sought. Distances and directions grew confused in the baffling search, and time slipped away unheeded until the deepening gloom of the woods warned them that the short afternoon was drawing to its close. Even then they could not bear to relinquish their prize, and though Jack decided that they must have passed the place and they turned back, they went slowly, looking all the way.

The gloom of the woods increased rapidly, and they did not find the tree nor reach the footpath. Then a sound came to their ears, faint and distant, but it made Jack catch Bessie's hand and hurry her forward; they both knew the howl of a wolf. Pushing through thickets and around trees

they hastened, hoping every moment to strike the path, while the cry of the wolf sounded again and nearer, and was repeated from another direction. The darkness deepened, and Bessie began to see danger in every shadow. By and by a dark form did skulk through the bushes not so far away but that they could dimly see it, and Jack fired his rifle in a vain hope of frightening away any animal that might chance to be near.

"It's no use, Bess. We'll have to get into a tree while we can," said Jack breathlessly as the cry of wolves came momentarily nearer, "Here, this one."

He dropped his gun and helped her to climb, following hurriedly after her, and they were scarcely settled among the branches before dark forms began to move about at the foot of the tree. The children, though chilled and benumbed by the frosty air, were safe; but the snapping and howling of the hungry creatures beneath them was horrible, and the long hours seemed endless. Then suddenly the sound of a rifle rang out, flaming torches flashed through the woods. and before the young prisoners could be quite sure what had happened, father, Will, and big Mike were under the tree, and the cowardly wolves had fled.

"When you didn't come home at nightfall we started out to look for you," said the father, holding Bessie close in his arms, "and we were scarcely in the woods before we heard the wolves and feared something was wrong."

Will and Jack went back the next morning and easily found the turkey, "properly frozen and calmly waiting," as Will said, just where Jack had placed it. But Bessie would scarcely have cared if they had not. The rough-walled cabin seemed dear and beautiful to her after the danger of the night, and when she saw her mother's face and baby Charley's, she missed nothing in all the wide world.

"O mother, this is the very thankfulest Thanksgiving I ever saw," she said.—Boys and Girls.

THE TEA PARTY.

It was baking day, and the kitchen was full of warm, sweet smells as Robin came in from school. A big frosted cake stood over on the dresser, and four lemon pies beside it.

Mamma was making cookies at the table—the loveliest cookies, with lots of raisins in them and spice and all sorts of good things!

Robin knew from experience just how nice they were, and he peeped into the big jar to see if here were any baked. Yes, indeed, it was nearly full.

"Oh, goody!" he exclaimed, as he reached for a crisp one with a fat raisin sticking half out; "may I take some to school this afternoon, mamma—just this once?"

"Robin, you know I don't care to have you eat much sweet stuff between meals; but you may have a few this time." And mamma carefully loosened a yellow bear from the cooky cutter.

"Put 'em in this new paper bag, and I'll have a tea-party at recess; and we'll have more fun than anything." For Robin hadn't found out then, as he did later on, that "tea parties are for girls," with a scornful emphasis on "girls."

"That will be lovely," agreed mamma. "You can put two of those golden pippin apples in your pocket, since you are to be generous and divide your refreshments. Now run and wash for lunch. I'll fix the cakes in the ltttle bag and set them on the table ready for you. After school I want you to take a bagfull to old Mrs. Smith."

Lunch was ready by the time Robin got his hands wiped, and mamma untied her apron and took the last panfull of cookies out of the oven and filled the teakettle and closed the stove draught, and Robin didn't know what else, because before that he was in his chair and had his napkin unfolded.

At school time mamma was busy in the sitting-room with Miss Helen, who came in to ask about a pattern she had borrowed. Robin went out for the cookies. On the table stood two paper bags, one partly filled, the other filled to the top with only a little rim of paper left to screw into a tiny handle.

Robin stood and looked. Which was for him? Conscience said: "Take the little package, Robin. You know mamma meant it for you."

Then another voice urged very loud: "No; the big one is yours, Robin. Mamma wants you to be generous."

Then conscinece again: "Mamma said, 'a few.'"

The other voice declared: "There are not many. That little bag couldn't hold enough to hurt a fellow."

Conscience: "Prob-bly the big one is for Mrs. Smith, anyway."

Other voice: "There are plenty more for Mrs. Smith. This isn't enough for her. Mama always sends her lots."

Robin decided it. "I'll take the most, so I can be generous," he said aloud.

And then he gathered up the full bag and sped down the street as fast as his little fat legs could go. Once at school, he put his treasure away without a glance and went slowly to his seat. His heart began to feel very queer and uncomfortable. He tried to cheer himself by thoughts of the tea party, rumors of which he had already set afloat.

Recess time came at last, and with it many guests to the flat stone under the big elm, where the complimentary school feasts were always spread. The aples were carefully divided with Robin's new jackknife, then the bag was lifted and untwisted. He didn't stop to look in, for the cookies didn't seem half as interesting as they did at noon. He turned it upside down over the paper napkin his teacher had given him, and poured upon it a pile of—egg shells!

How they all laughed and teased! Nothing but the remembrance that he was a boy kept back the tears. Had it been done purposely? Perish the thought! Mamma would never, never in this world. Yet there were the empty shells, and there were no refreshments to be generous with, only the scraps of golden pippins.

Crestfallen and mortified, the poor little host went back to his seat to puzzle over a problem that was solved only when he got back home.

"They were to throw away, Robin. Mamma had used a good many eggs, and dropped the shells into the bag to get them out of the way. I thought you would know which package to take. Mamma never gives you as many cookies as that."

And mamma stroked the disappointed little head with a gentle hand.

"I did know," confessed a penitent voice. "I thought I got Mrs. Smith's."

Next day the boys and girls in Primary Class No. 1 had two luscious, crisp cookies apiece to atone for their disappointment. But Robin, who passed them around, saved none for himself. He and mamma had decided that the only way to still the tempting, disobedient voice that had led him into trouble was to punish it very hard, indeed, so the family emptied the cooky jar that week quite without Robin's help. But it never had to happen again.—Elizabeth Price in Sunday-school Times.

LESSONS FOR A BOY.

I had overheard a conversation between Karl and his mother. She had work for him to do, which interfered with some of his plans for enjoyment; and though Karl obeyed her, it was not without a good deal of grumbling. He had much to say about never being allowed to do as he pleased; that it would be time enough for him to settle down to work when he was older. While the sense of injury was strong upon him I came out on the piazza beside him and said: "Karl, why do you try to break that colt of yours?"

The boy looked up in surprise: "Why, I want him to be good for something."

"But he likes his own way," I objected. "Why shouldn't he have it?"

By this time Karl was staring at me in perplexity. "I'd like to know the good of a horse that always has his own way!" he said, as if rather indignant at my lack of common sense.

"And as for working," I went on, "I should think there was time enough for that when he gets to be an old horse."

"Why, don't you see, if he doesn't learn when he's a colt"—Karl began. Then he stopped, blushed, and looked at me rather appealingly. I heard no more complaints from him that day.—Church Record.

WHAT ARE THE DANDELIONS?

"Mother, what are the dandelions?" asked little Susie as she saw them for the first time in her life, which you must know had not been very long.

"They are flowers, Susie."

"I know that, mother; but they are something more than—than—" But Susie could think of no other flower which was only a flower to her. So she asked another question: "Do their roots go down, down very deep, mother?"

"Deeper than the roots of most small flowers. But why do you ask that, Susie?"

"Oh, I thought they must go down to the gold, and draw it up into the sunshine that would make the gold happy, and that is the reason the dandelions laugh."

Susie walked on without speaking for a while, then she clapped her hands and cried: "I see it now! I see it now! Mother, why didn't you tell me it was God's spatter-work?"

"I did not think of that."

"What do you think?"

"Nothing so beautiful as you thought, my child: but I will tell you. I thought of the beautiful myth of Freya, in whom the Goths believed. They tell that she was forsaken by her husband, and in her grief wandered all over the earth shedding golden tears."

"And the dandelions grew up where her golden teardrops fell, didn't they, mother?"

"Perhaps they did; for the Goths tell that before her there was winter, but as soon as she passed flowers sprang up, until the whole earth blossomed."—Kindergarten Stories.

Friends, people need a cheer more than advice. We find them everywhere, sad-hearted, heavy-burdened men and women—almost ready to give up the battle of life. A cheer would save them. But there is something more and even better that we can give. If we have God, if we have taken Jesus Christ into our natures, so that his life is continually flowing through us, what a power for good we may be! We may gather gifts from God to satisfy our brothers need. But to do all this the giver must go with the gift, for "the gift without the giver is bare."—Herbert D. Deetz.

"A story is told of how a preacher tested the effects of the hard times upon his congregation. He requested all who were paying their debts to arise in their seats. Every man, woman, and child, except one, instantly arose. After they were again seated he requested any one who were not paying their debts to arise and remain standing until counted. The lone individual, with a careworn face and moth-eaten suit, slowly assumed a perpendicular position. The minister asked: 'How is it, my friend, that you aer the only man in my congregation that is unable to meet his obligations?' With unfeigned-meekness he answered: 'I run a newspaper; my brethren here who have just stood up are my subscribers, and—' 'Let us close,' interrupted the minister."

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OVER-SENSITIVENESS.

I consider it an actual misfortune for persons to be over-sensitive, feeling slighted at every little unpleasant thing that may happen, and making themselves unhappy and uncomfortable over the least unpleasantness. We are all human beings, and ugly things will happen, but let them happen, and let a person maintain a position of good common sense, sing his or her little song, and move on as if the unpleasantness had never occurred.

Some people go through the world and remind me of a horse looking for something to get scared at.

I have in mind a woman who is always in hot water because she is oversensitive and is always thinking she is slighted. She goes to such extremes that she openly resents her supposed slights, fusses with her neighbors about this, that and the other, and without the least occasion, and without the least slight being intended.

Oh, how unhappy such people are! It takes grace to live in this sinful world among men and women and keep sweet and happy. Let us ask God to give us more grace so we shall live above the pesky annoyances, and we shall overcome, be happy, and others will be happier, too, for our over-sensitiveness makes others unhappy. If a railroad man was sensitive he would be in hot water all the time. One of the first things to learn is to take an insult as a compliment, smile and keep sweet; have a hide as tough as a rhinoceros, so that a .42 bullet will not penetrate, and keep sunny and sweet in spite of the world, the flesh and the devil.

St. Paul says: "As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men;" and this implies that there are some people so full of the devil and his spirit of contention that a pure angel could not get along with them ten minutes. God pity such people! They are not all bad, indeed, some of them are fairly good people.

One of the most awful sins spoken of in the Bible is selfishness, and oversensitiveness is a first cousin, or nearer still, a twin sister. God help us to win men and women to Christ! As they get a view of Calvary and see the unselfish love of Jesus Christ, their hearts must be melted into tenderness and pity and love. Jesus and His love is the only sure antidote for the over-sensitive, and His blood cleanseth from all sin.

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